

PROG 483
16 AUG 86

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

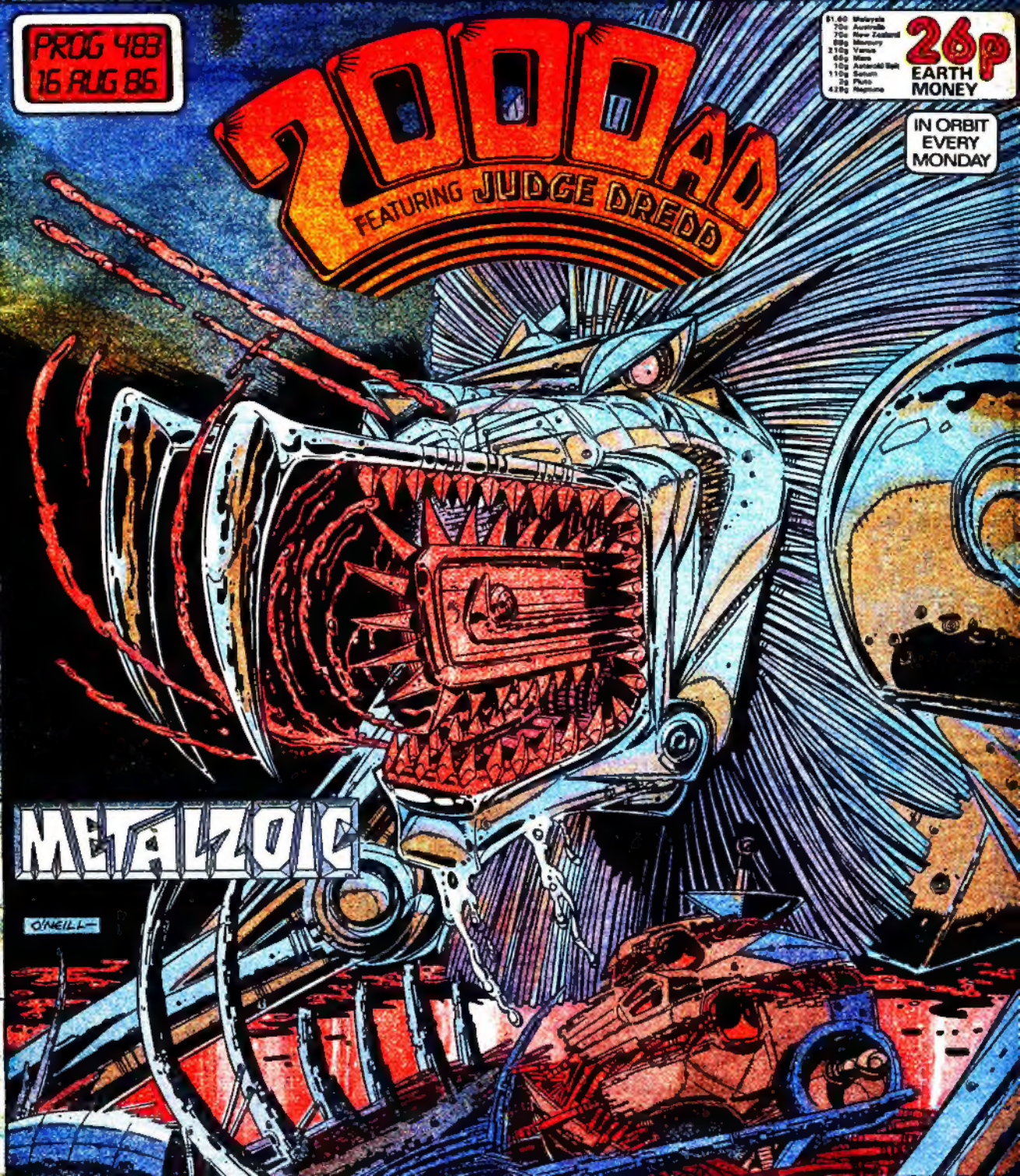
£1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
89g Mauritius
2.10g Vatican
65g Iran
10p Antigua & Barb
1.10g Solomon
2g Puerto Rico
4.20g Singapore

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

METALZOID

O'NEILL



NERVE CENTRE

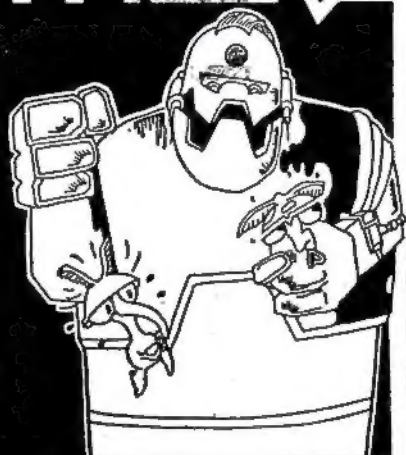
BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I am sure you will all * enjoy the free gift which accompanies this prog - some of you will have spotted it already - namely the 7th issue of *OINK*, complete with its very own pigbag: a collectors' item. The editor of this porcine publication, although a bit of a swine, is a big fan of my own cosmic comic, which is why I have allowed him this great honour. Perhaps he's hoping some of my thrill-power will rub off...find out in *OINK* 8, which by a happy coincidence is on sale now. Even more zarjaz products come on sale in just a matter of days - 21st August to be precise, the glorious release date for my *1987 2000 AD & Judge Dredd Annuals*. However, if you don't think you can wait that long, preview copies of both Annuals will be available on 16th August, when you will also be able to get them signed by some of my top droids. This great event takes place at Forbidden Planet Bookshop in London's Denmark Street (nearest tube is Tottenham Court Road) between 1400 and 1700 hours. There you will meet droids such as Kevin O'Neill, Bryan Talbot, Alan Moore, Ian Gibson and T.B. Grover...an experience, once gained, that is never likely to be forgotten!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

*The Mighty Tharg regrets this gift is not available to overseas readers.



THARGROL

Drawn by Earthlet Nathan Rinnell, Croydon. £10 Winner.

DREDD'S DARK SECRET *7



Drawn by Earthlet John Gilhearny, Cardiff. £10 Winner.

DREDD DATA: JUDGES & GEOGRAPHY

Dear Tharg,

Way back, you did a series of posters about the VCs and all the other Future Warriors, and now I think it's time you did the same thing with the Judges. There are so many different kinds! Apart from the normal Judge there is the Tech, the Medic, the H-Wagon pilot, the Chief Judge, the Judge Tutor, and the Judge who watches TV to make sure nothing illegal is going on...and they're just for starters! What about Judge jailers, or the ones on Space Patrol, or the ones who work in Customs? The list is endless!

From Earthlet Mark Smith, Stalybridge. £5 Winner.

Borag Thungg, Greenbouce,

I am writing to ask you a question about Mega-City 1...where is it? Ever since I started reading *2000 AD* regularly I've thought it was in Britain, until I saw the front cover of Prog 477 where the Judge calls the Scotsman a dumb Brit! Is this because Mega-City 1 is in a different country from ours? And if so, which one?

From bemused Earthlet Shaun Harrigan, London. £5 Winner.

So much has been written about *Judge Dredd* it's inevitable that some feeble-minded Terrans should have trouble assimilating it all. And if regular readers of my cosmic comic can't cope, then what chance does a newcomer to the path of thrill-power have? It is with these thoughts in mind that I, Tharg the Generous, shall consider programming a series of *Judge Dredd Data Files*...to introduce Dredd's world to recent recruits, and to refresh the parts of the Squaxx dek Thargo that other comics cannot reach. P.S. Mega-City 1 is on the East Coast of the U.S.A.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories in THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **483**

ADVERTISEMENT

DREDD and 2000 AD in FULL COLOUR



Judge Dredd (monthly) and *2000 AD* (monthly). Now available in Britain! All the stories have appeared in 2000 A.D., but have been resized and coloured. Take advantage of our great money-saving subscription offer!

JUDGE DREDD

No. 34 now available: featuring two stories - a vigilante murders Mega-City king-pins in *Executioner*, and in *King Kong* a giant robot goes spel
Cover by Brian Bolland
Single issue: 80p
8 issues: £5.50
12 issues: £11

2000 AD

No. 5 now available: featuring the best from Britain's most exciting comic weekly: *Judge Anderson*, *Skizz* plus *Abelard Snazz* - the Two-Storey Brain.
Single issue: £1.10
8 issues: £8.30
12 issues: £12.60

All prices include Postage and Packing. Please send cheques or Postal Orders only to:

FORBIDDEN PLANET LTD. (Dept. US 27)
P.O. BOX 378
LONDON E3 4RD, ENGLAND.

Please allow 28 days for delivery.

Foreign customers please send International Banker's Draft. Our catalogue of *Judge Dredd* and *2000 AD* products is free with orders. Otherwise, send a large (9" x 6") envelope plus 25p in stamps to the above address.

GET THE NEW-LOOK ROY OF THE ROVERS - OUT NEXT SATURDAY!

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. 2000 AD must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden. Printed in England by Southernprint Ltd, Poole, Dorset. © IPC Magazines Ltd., 1986.

HABITUAL PETTY CRIMINAL SKID MULLARD HAS BEEN SAVED FROM HIS WICKED WAYS BY THE INTERVENTION OF PERP-AID. NOW SKID LEAVES THE PERP-AID MISSION WITH A RENEWED DETERMINATION TO GO STRAIGHT -

I CAN MAKE IT!
I CAN MAKE IT!

BUT -

HOLD IT,
YOU!



UP AGAINST
THE WALL!

JUDGE
DREDD

THE URGE PART 2

I'VE DONE NOTHING
WRONG! WH-WHY
ARE YOU PICKING
ON ME?

WHY ARE YOU WALKING
ALONG TALKING TO
YOURSELF? SEEMS
PRETTY SUSPICIOUS
TO ME.



CONTROL, GOT ONE SKID MULLARD HERE.
RELEASE SLIP SAYS HE GOT OUT OF ISO-CUBE 8
THIS MORNING.
WHAT'S HIS
FORM?

PETTY CRIME ADDICT,
DREDD. 38 CONVICTIONS.
SERVED A TOTAL OF TWELVE
YEARS ENCUBEMENT. HE'S
DOWN FOR A LOBOTOMY
NEXT OFFENCE.











METALOID



SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LT6: JOHN
COSTANZA

SLAYVAR THE SKIMITEK
SMELLED ENERGY...

A YOUNG MALE, HE'D
BEEN DRIVEN FROM HIS
PRIDE AND FORCED TO
HUNT ALONE...

...USING THE TRAFFIC
OIL-PIPES TO TRAVEL
UNOBSERVED IN SEARCH
OF PREY.

EMERGING FROM THE SPRAWLING
REFINERY JUNGLE, HE FLEW
TOWARDS THE MEKAVA CAMP...

NORMALLY, HE WOULDN'T RISK
ENTERING A REBO-SAPIEN VILLAGE,
BUT THE SIGNAL WAS IRRESISTIBLE...

AND HE
NEEDED...

...POWER.

OH,
ARMAGEDDON!

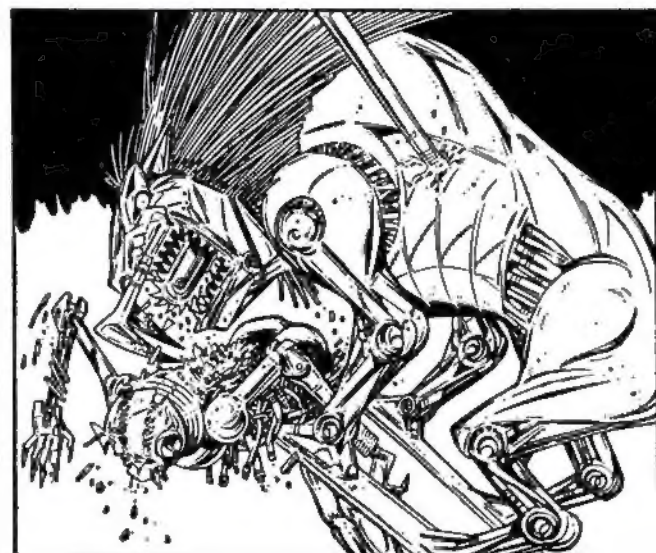
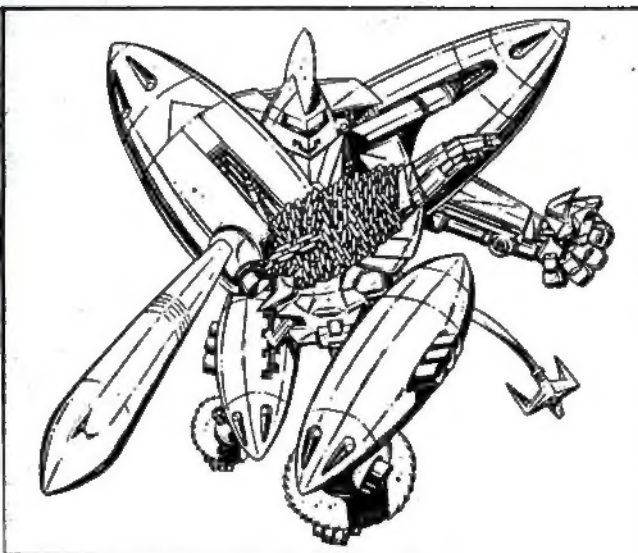
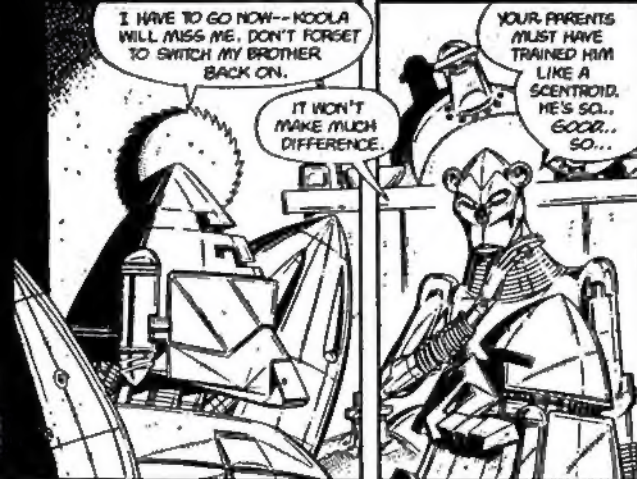
ARMED SCENTROIDS
GUARDED THE CAMP...

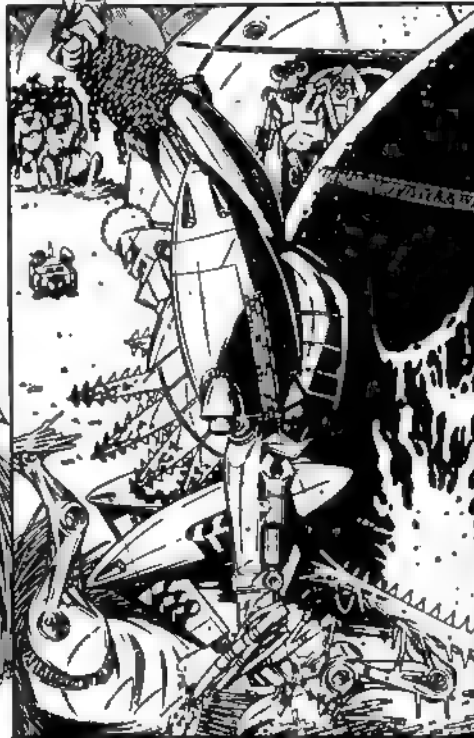
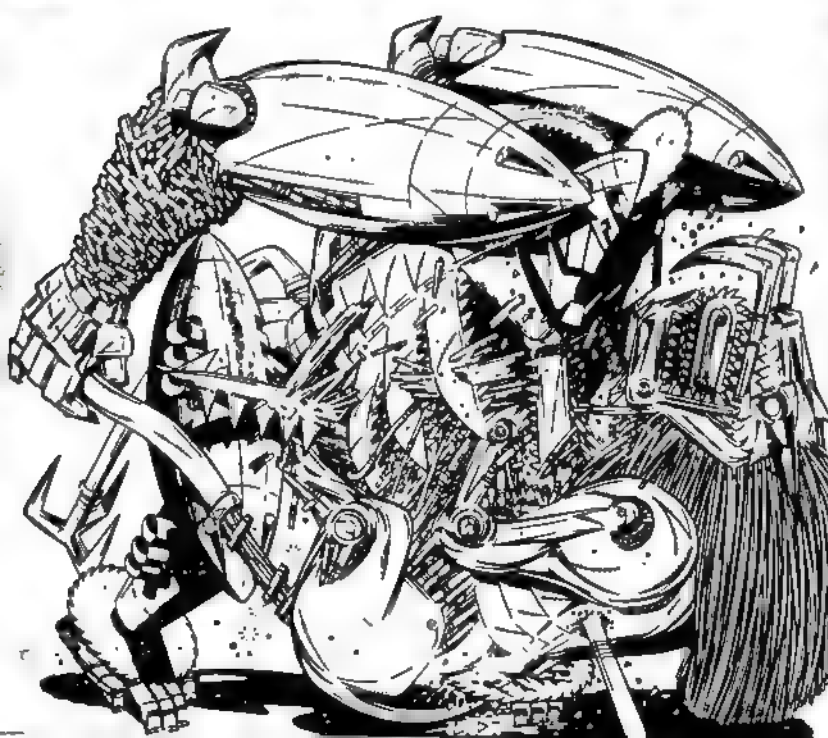
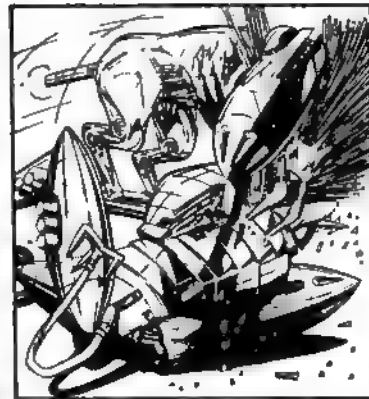
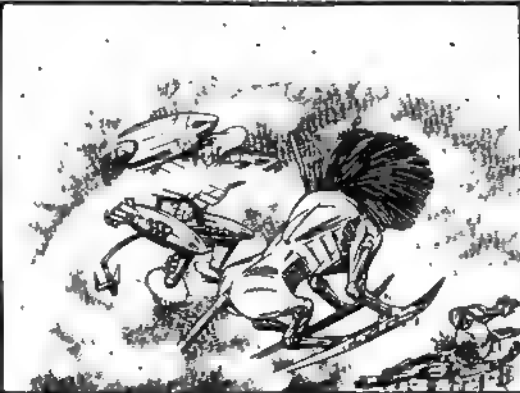
SLAYVAR EJECTED THE REMAINS OF
AN EARLIER MEAL.

THE METAL CHUFF
WOULD CONFUSE
THEIR RADAR.

GLEEP?

GLEEP!







ARMAGEDDON! I'VE
SCANNED TALLULAH'S
MEMORY CIRCUITS...

WELL?

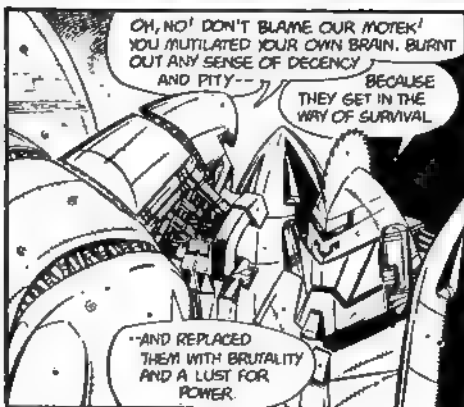
SHE WAS
WITH YOU WHEN
SHE DIED!

THAT'S
RIGHT.



YOU ADMIT
IT? IN FRONT
OF ME?

YOU KNOW I'M NOT
RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS.
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE
BEEN BUILT.



OH, NO! DON'T BLAME OUR MOTEK!
YOU MUTILATED YOUR OWN BRAIN. BURNT
OUT ANY SENSE OF DECENCY
AND PITY--

BECAUSE
THEY GET IN THE
WAY OF SURVIVAL.

--AND REPLACED
THEM WITH BRUTALITY
AND A LUST FOR
POWER.



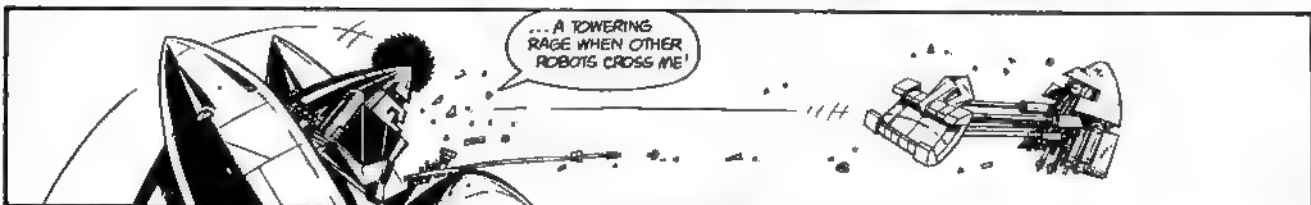
SO I COULD MAKE
THE MEKAKA THE
GREATEST TRIBE
ON EARTH.

MEKAKA!



WELL, YOU'VE FAILED! LOOK AT
YOUR PEOPLE-- STARVED OF POWER!
DESPERATE FOR SPARES! SLAUGHTERED
IN POINTLESS TRIBAL WARS!

YOU
FORGET
ONE OTHER
ELEMENT
OF MY
CHARACTER,
VENGOD.



... A TOWERING
RAGE WHEN OTHER
ROBOTS CROSS ME!



WHEN THE WHEELDEBEAST RETURN,
THERE WILL BE PLENTY FOR ALL--AND
THE MEKAKA WILL RULE THIS PLANET!



MEKAKA!

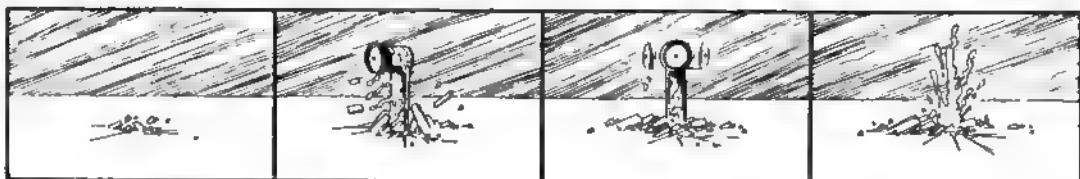
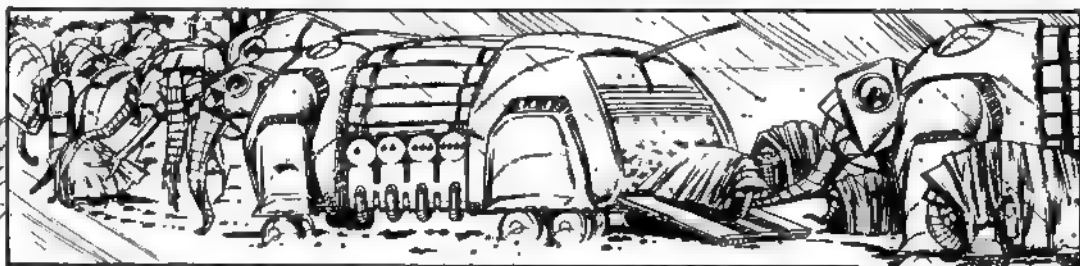
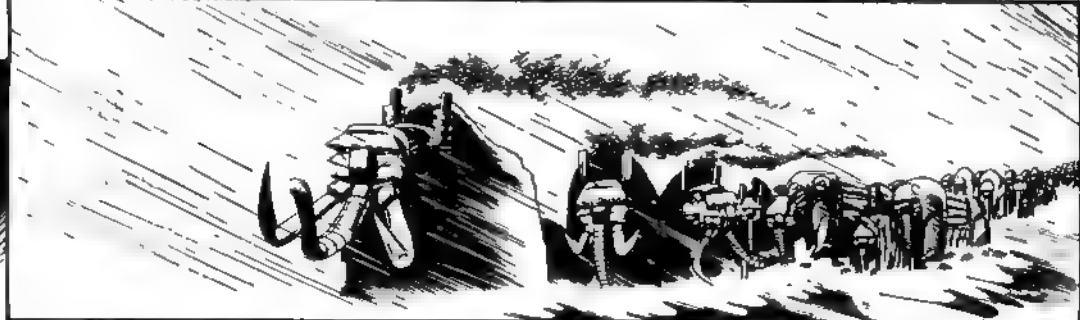
WHEN? IT'S BEEN
FIVE YEARS SINCE
THE HERD PASSED
THIS WAY!

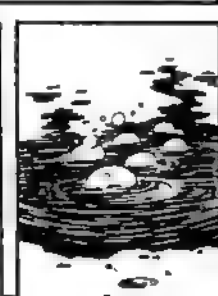
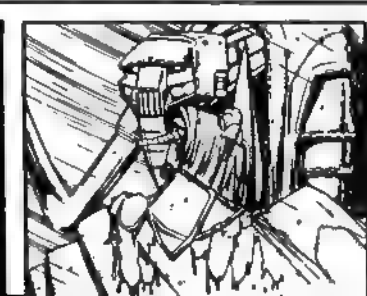
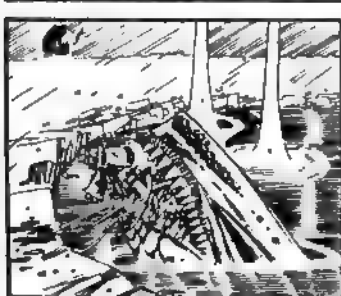
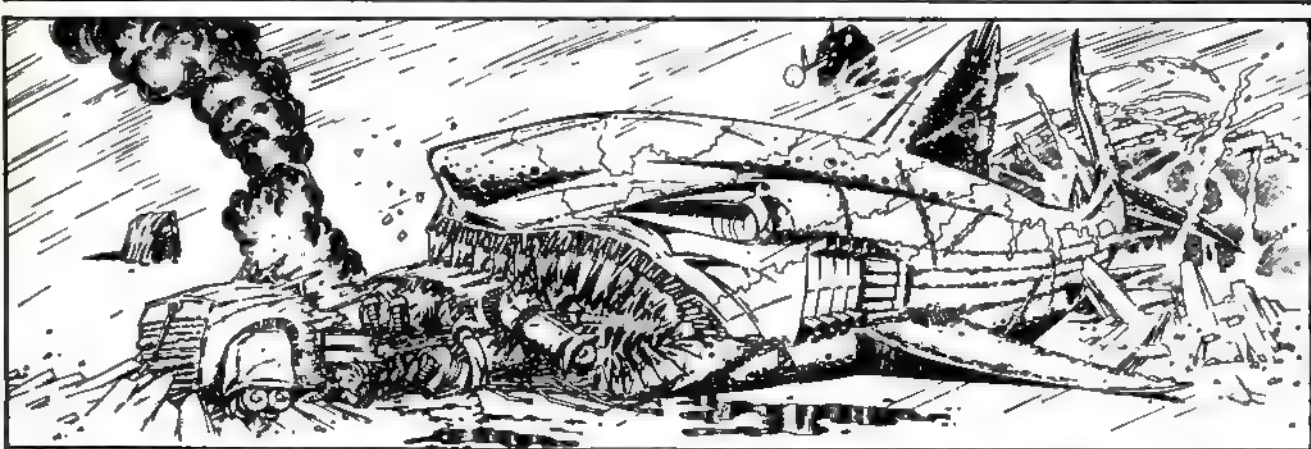
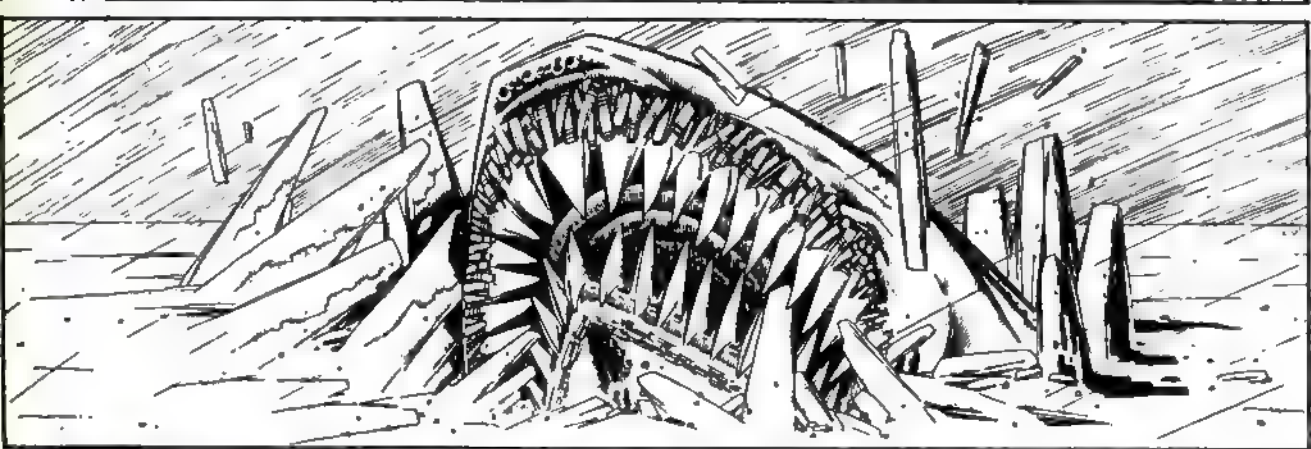
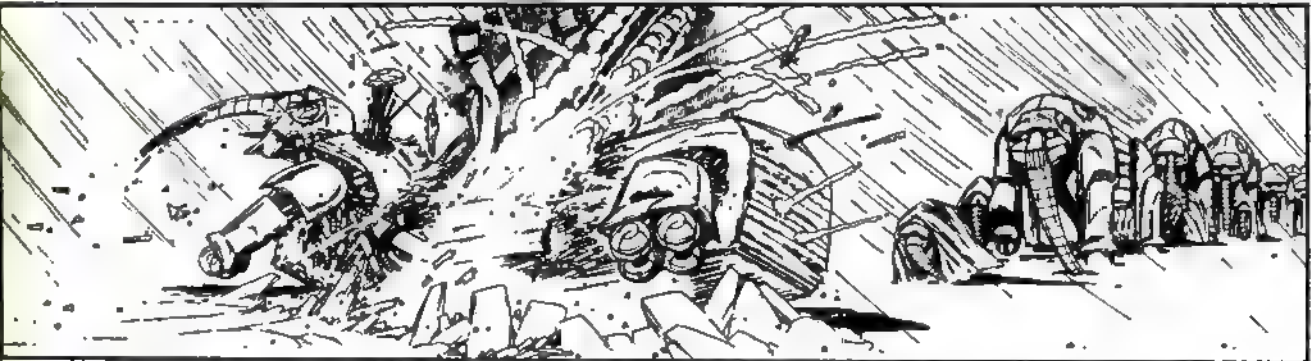


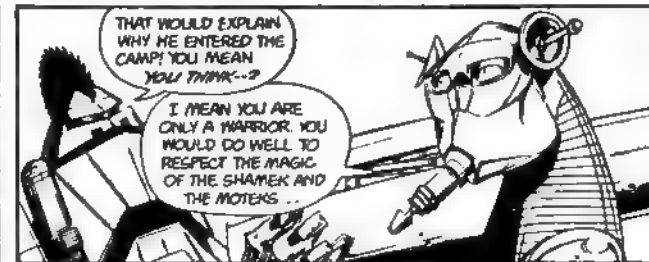
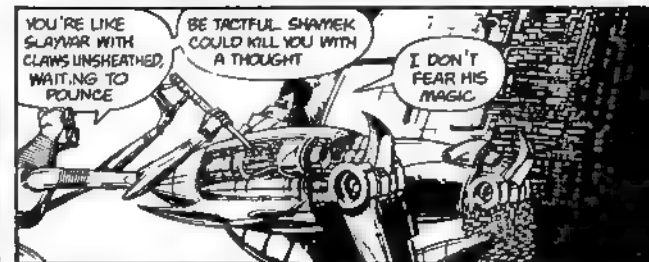
OUR WAITING IS NEARLY
OVER. THE SHAMEK HAS
SEEN THE GOD-BEAST
IN A DREAM...



THEN
WHERE
IS HE?







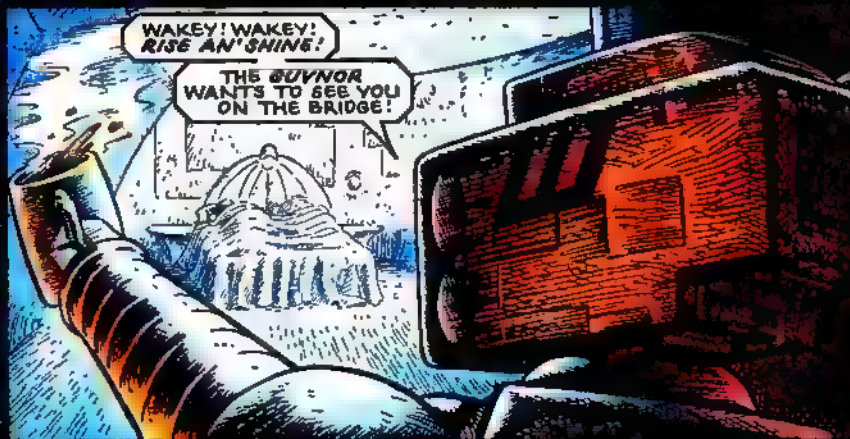
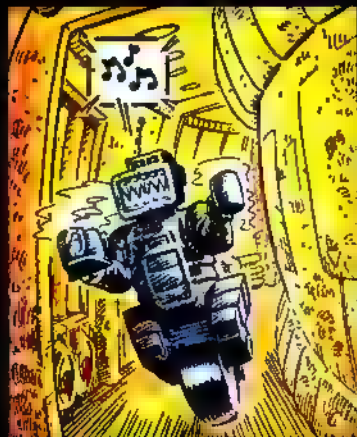
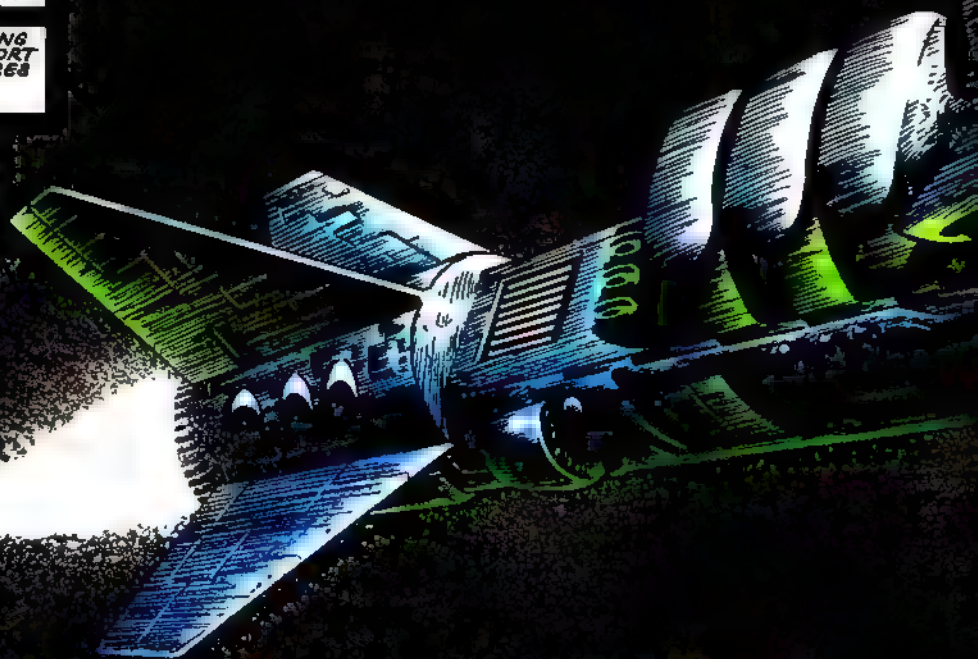
NEMESIS

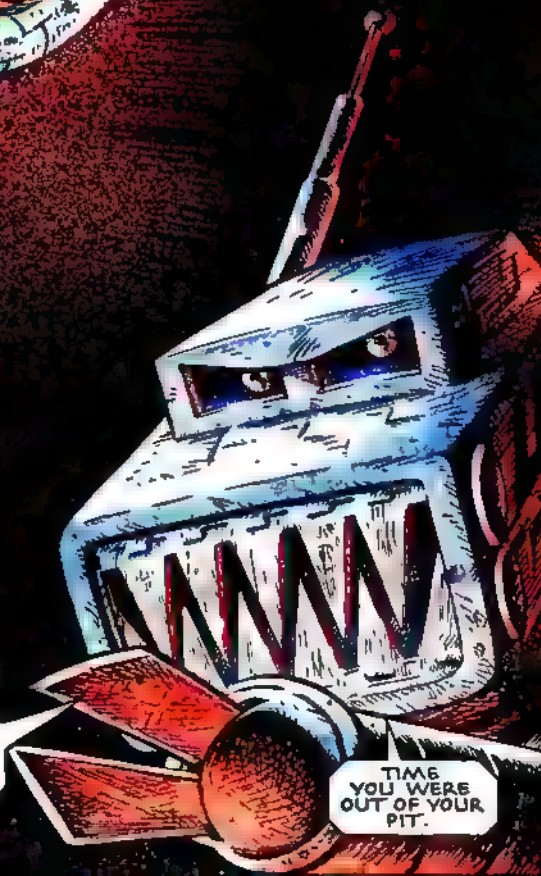
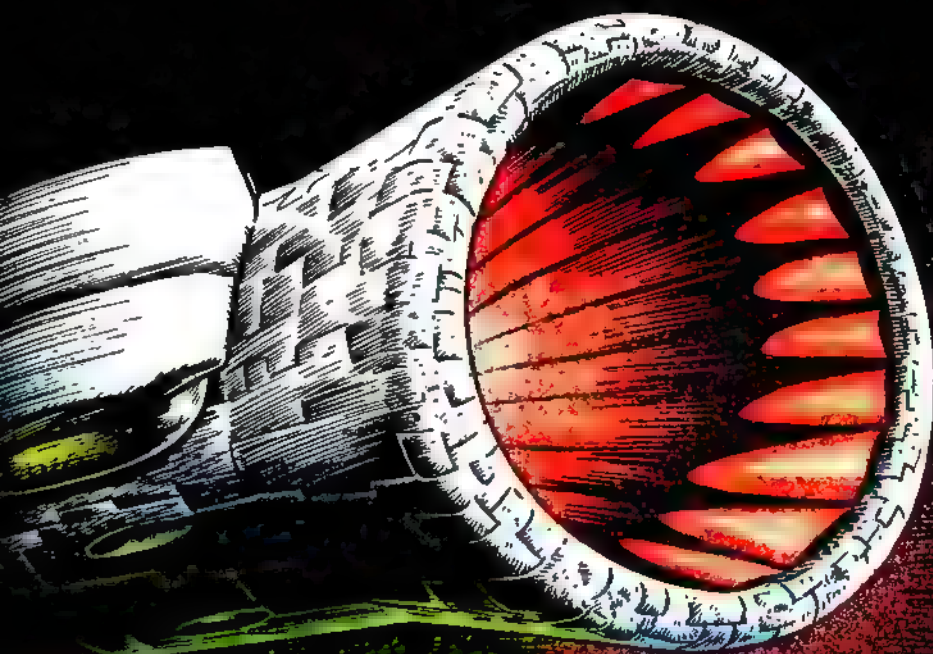
THE WARLOCK

THE SCOOPSHIP, WITH NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA ON BOARD, HEADS THROUGH THE TIME WASTES—THE OVERFLOW PIPES FROM TERMIGHT'S BLACK AND WHITE HOLES...

TACHYON PARTICLES FLOWING THROUGH THESE PIPES DISTORT TIME—CREATING ENTRANCES TO EARTH'S PAST...AND FUTURE...

AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS MAZE OF TERROR TUBES IS THE WARLOCK'S SON—THOTH—who is intent not only on destroying TERMIGHT, BUT THE GALAXY AS WELL!





NEMEESIS

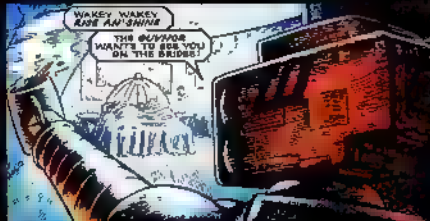
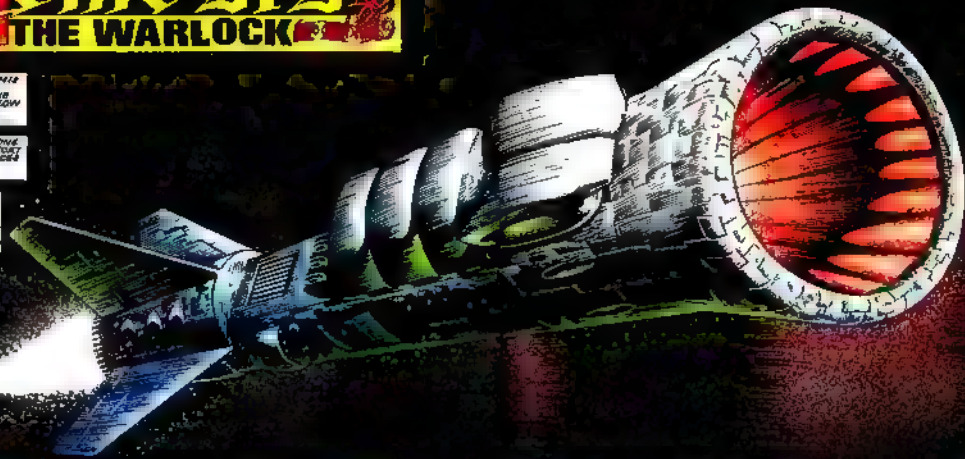
THE WARLOCK

2000AD
Crest Card
SCRIPT: ROBERT
PAT MILLER
AND ROBERT
JOHN TAYLOR
ILLUSTRATION: ROBERT
MILLER
COMPUTER

THE SCOPESHIP, WITH NEARLY
A AND TORQUEMADA ON
BOARD, HEADS THROUGH THE
TIME WASTES — THE OVERFLOW
PIPS FROM TEARMAINT'S
BLACK AND WHITE HOLES

TACHYON PARTICLES FLOWING
THROUGH THESE PIPES DISTORT
TIME — CREATING ENTRANCES
TO EARTH'S PAST AND
FUTURE

AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS
MAZE OF TERROR TUBES
IS THE WARLOCK'S SON —
TWOIN — WHO IS INTENT
NOT ONLY ON DESTROYING
TEARMAINT, BUT THE
GALAXY AS WELL





REMINDE ME TO INCLUDE ROBOTS ON MY NEXT DEATH LIST, CANDIDA.

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN A NERD LIKE HIM— EH, DUCKS?



STANDY SHOW MY WIFE MORE RESPECT. REMEMBER, SHE IS CANDIDA DE TORQUEMADA— THE FIRST LADY OF TERMIGHT.

NOT ANYMORE! SKINHEAD YOU'RE AN EMPEROR WITHOUT A THRONE. AND IF YOU DON'T DO AS THE GUVNOR ASKS YOU'LL BE WITHOUT A HEAD!



IS IT LOVE, CANDY? OL' TORQUE'S FATAL CHARM? I HAD A GIRLFRIEND ONCE, YOU KNOW... NAME O' DINA ROO— SHE HAD THESE TELESCOPIC ARMS AND WHENEVER THERE WAS A BLOCKAGE...

YES, YES, WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED YOU...



I'M AFRAID RO-JAWS IS RIGHT, TOMAS. I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EVER RULE TERMIGHT AGAIN.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, CANDIDA! YOU'RE A TORQUEMADA! YOU MUST NEVER EVEN CONSIDER DEFEAT!



BUT IT ALL SEEMS SO HOPELESS... WE'RE THE WAR-LOCK'S PRISONERS... AT HIS MERCY... HE'S MURDERED OUR CHILDREN!

AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT HE'LL PAY FOR IT! AN EYE FOR AN EYE... HIS CHILD FOR OURS!



BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO FIND THE LITTLE GARGOYLE...

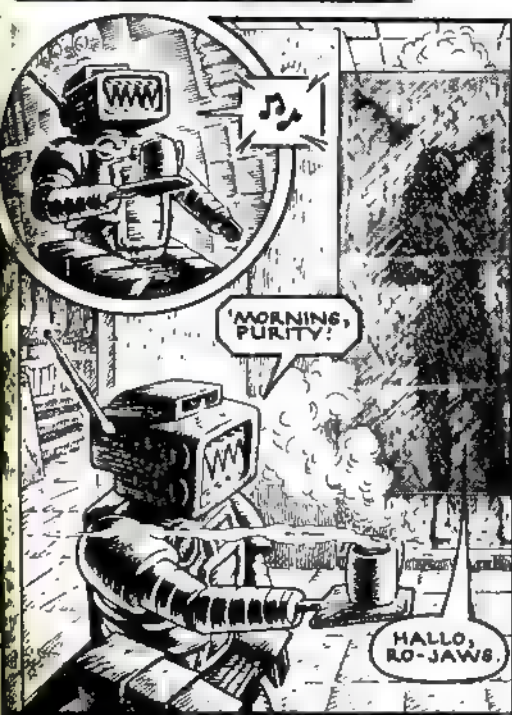
AND THAT'S WHERE NEMESIS NEEDS ME. FOR, APART FROM MY BROTHER, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE WAY THROUGH THE TIME WASTES...

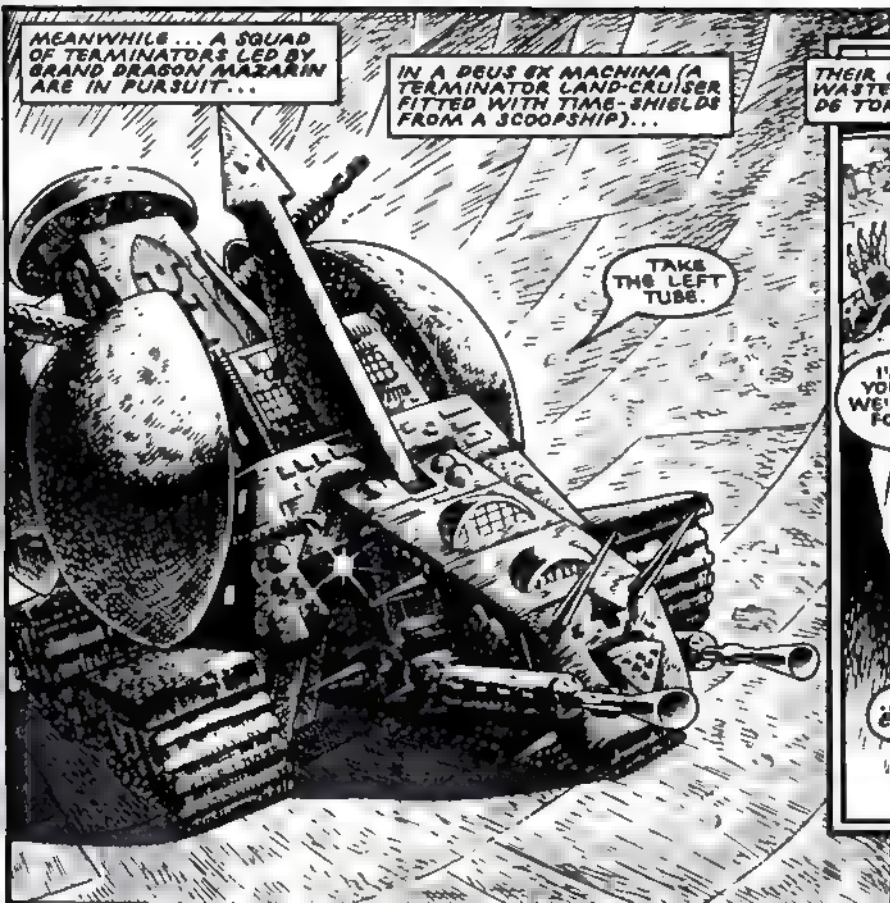


HOW IS NOSTRADAMUS BY THE WAY? STILL THE SAME?

OH, HE GOT WORSE. HE'S IN AN ASYLUM NOW.

HE KEPT INSISTING HE WAS GRAND MASTER AND I WAS HIS WIFE.





THEIR GUIDE THROUGH THE
WASTES—NOSTRADAMUS
DE TORQUEMADA...



Next, EARTH—TEN
THOUSAND MILLION
YEARS A.D.

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Garpetbaggers

SCENE 9:
BARRYNORMANTOWN,
STATE OF MOWIEOLA,
IN THE CRITICS'
CHOICE BAR,
SOMETHING EVIL
STIRS...



SHIVER ME SPLEEN!
THAT MUST HAVE
BEEN SOME
CELLYBRATION!

BUT HOLD HARD!
BELAY THE
CELLYBRATION! I
REMEMBER NOW...

ROT MY GUTS!
ME TREASURE
MAP - IT'S
A-GONE!

THAT THERE MELVYN
BARG SWAB'S
PIRATED IT! BUSTER
ME BUTTOCKS! WHEN
I HEAVES ALONGSIDE
HIM AGAIN I'LL
SKIN HIM ALIVE!

THEN THE EVIL EYE CATCHES
SIGHT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS
COMPANIONS —

AW... WOULD YE
LOOK AT THEM?

JUST A-LVIN' THERE,
A PICTURE O' INNOCENT
GARPISHNESS...



BOOGAD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT DOBROT
GRANT GROVER
ART DOBROT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING DOBROT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73E



I'LL HANG HIM
FROM THE YARDARM
BY HIS OWN
INTESTINES! I'
LL AMPUTATE
HIS —





... ALL SOFT AN' FURRY, WITH THOSE GARPY LITTLE NECKS STRETCHED OUT SO PLIANT-LIKE... AS IF THEY WAS CRYIN' OUT TO ME—

"SLICE ME, EVIL. SLICE ME!"

BY ALL THAT'S BAD, I'D SURELY LIKE TO!



THEN DON'T DENY YOURSELF! DO IT NOW! DO IT!



AN' BILLY BONES TOO— THAT SICKENIN' LITTLE BAG O' SEA-CHUNDER! WONDER WHAT KIND O' **FOUL ODOURS** WOULD SEEP OUT IF MY TRUSTY CUTLASS TICKLED HIS INNARDS?

THE VERY THOUGHT O' IT SENDS RIPPLES O' PLEASURE RUNNIN' UP ME SPINE!

I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN TO TELL ME NOT TO DO IT!



GO ON, MATEY! YE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH FOR THIS! SLICE AN' BE DONE WITH IT!



YE THINK I SHOULD?



NOT AT ALL, MATEY! GO ON— SLICE 'EM! BEST THING FOR 'EM!



A QUICK DEATH'D BE A FAR BETTER FATE THAN THE ONE YE'VE GOT **PLANNED** FOR THE SWABS ONCE YE FIND THAT TREASURE!

THAT'S A POINT! I WAS FORGETTIN' THAT IN THE HEAT O' THE MOMENT!



NO—YE WON'T
TRICK OLD EVIL
THAT WAY! GARPY
STAYS ALIVE—
FER NOW!

BEGONE—
THE BOTH
O' YE!

EVIL GENTLY ROUSES
HIS CO-HEROES—



C'MON,
GARPS! LOOK
BHARPISH
THERE!



YOU
TOO,
BILLY
BONES!

OH, NO
HEE HEE!

OW! MY
GURNEY!

BOOT!

WHAT THE
HOOTIN' HECK'S
BEEN HAPPENIN'
HERE, GUTSY
BUDDY?

WE'VE BEEN ROBBED,
THAT'S WHAT! THAT
THERE WALKIN' OIL
SLICK MELVYN BARG
POISONED OUR GROG
AN' UT OFF WITH
OUR HALF O'
THE MAP!



YE'RE A SMART
'UN AN' NO MISTAKE,
GARPY! I TAKES
YOUR POINT ALL
RIGHT—WE'LL
LEAVE ONE ALIVE!

HERE'S THE PLAN,
SHIPMATES—FIRST,
WE RAZES THIS
TOWN TO THE GROUND
AN' SLAUGHTERS
THE ENTIRE POPULACE!
SECOND, WE—

HANG TEN
THERE, EVIL!
AIN'T NO
NEED FOR A
PLASMA
PARTY!

'SIDES, IF WE
THROWS 'EM THE
CRITICAL CROAK,
WHO'S GONNA
VOKE US WHERE
THAT STACK-
BRAGGIN' MELVYN'S
GONE?



SHEESH!



"Our Griffin Savers Account has a lot to offer young savers."

If you're over seven and under seventeen our Griffin Savers Account has a lot to offer — and you can open one with just £10.

What's more, the whole sum goes into your account immediately and earns a special rate of interest which is paid every six months.

When you open the account we give you a free sports bag, project folder, dictionary, maths set, magazine and a home bank file so you can keep track of your money. In return all you have to do is keep at least £10 in your account for six months.

So if you're looking for an offer that's too good to refuse, come and talk to us at your local Midland Bank.



A project folder —
for collecting your thoughts.



A sports bag —
for people who
do bags of sport

A savings book —
for paying in and
drawing out.

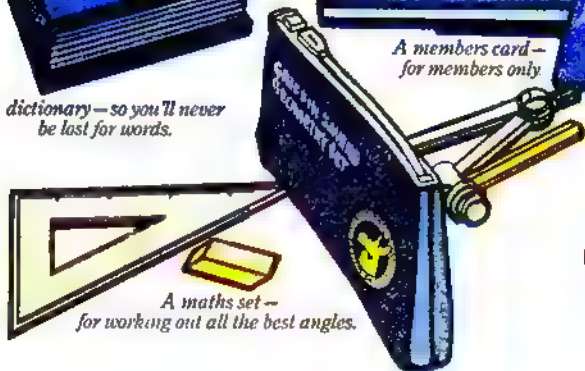


A members card —
for members only

A savings file —
for keeping the records straight.



A dictionary — so you'll never
be lost for words.



A maths set —
for working out all the best angles.

 **Midland
Griffin Savers**
From the Listening Bank

© Midland Bank plc.

VOICE LATER

by
Milligan
McCarthy
Frame

THIS IS IT, SWIFTY - NIGHTMARE NUMERO UNO.
BRAIN CELLS ATOMIZED, NERVE ENDS
FLAPPING LIKE DYING FISH...

TO BE BRUTALLY FRANK, YOU ARE DELIRIOUS..

TO BE FRANKLY
BRUTAL, YOU BIN
'QUIFFED'!
SWIFTY!

YOU'RE WEARING THE
CRAZY QUIFF...
INITIATIONAL RITE,
INNIT?

THE CRAZY QUIFF
SENDS IDIOT IMPULSES
THAT POLLUTE THE
BRAIN AND DEVASTATE
ALL SENSE OF
PERCEPTION. IT'S ALSO
KNOWN AS MURDOCK'S
MUFF, BUT THAT'S
ANOTHER
STORY..

WHERE YOU GOING,
SWIFTY? YOU CAN'T
JUST RUN OFF!

SHADDUP,
TAR'DLE. I CAN
DO WHAT I
LIKE...

(WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?)

SO HERE I AM AT
THE ENTRANCE TO
THE TEMPORAL
BROADCASTING
CORPORATION.

OTHERWISE KNOWN
AS BOLS...

TEMPORAL
BROADCASTING
CORPORATION

THAT'S SHORT FOR
BORING OLD LIARS!

BAP!

WEST: CAMERA OBSCURA!

AT THE SOUTHERNMOST TIP OF THE GREAT CONTINENTAL LANDMASS OF YEN LIES THE MONASTERY OF THE LITTLE CHUMS OF DENNIS...

Strontium RAGE

HERE, AS DENNIS HAD DECREED, THEY LIVED THE SIMPLE LIFE, REAPING THE RICH HARVEST OF THE SEA...



...A PEACEFUL PARADISE WHERE THE CHUMHOOD CAN CARRY OUT THEIR DEVOTIONS IN TOTAL ISOLATION FROM THE REST OF THE GALAXY.



...AND THE FERTILE RED SOIL WHERE ONCE — MORE THAN FIFTEEN YEARS AGO — DENNIS'S OWN SON, THE BLESSED SCOTTY, HAD WALKED...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART ROBOT
C. EZQUERRA
LITTING ROBOT
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73

...AND MOST OF ALL, BEING
THE BEST OF CHUMS.

HERE, CHUM—
LET ME GIVE
YOU A HAND
WITH THAT!



THAT'S MOST
KIND OF YOU,
CHUM, BUT I
DON'T WANT
TO TROUBLE
YOU.

NO TROUBLE
AT ALL, CHUM!
IN FACT, I'D
LOVE TO
CARRY IT ALL
FOR YOU.

OH, I
COULDN'T...

PLEASE,
CHUM!

NO! I COULDN'T
LET A CHUM OF
MINE CARRY
SOMETHING AS
HEAVY AS THIS!



AND AS I'M
GOING TO OFFEND
MY CHUM IF I
CARRY IT, WHY—
I'M JUST GOING
TO THROW IT
AWAY!



CHUMS!
CHUMS!



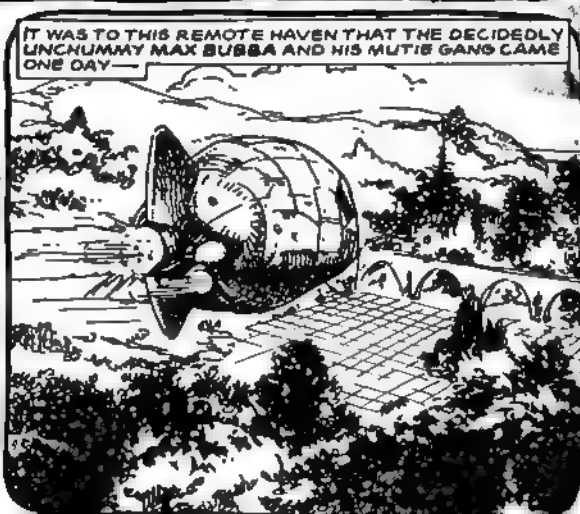
THIS IS NOT
THE WAY.
DENNIS DOES
NOT APPROVE
OF WASTE.

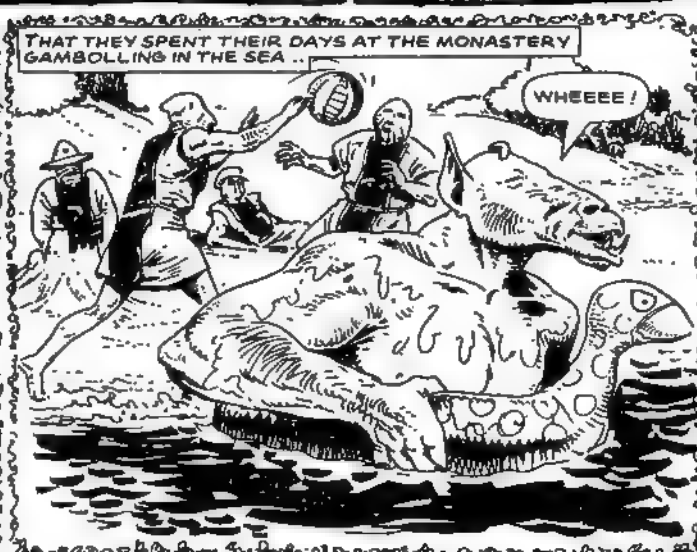
TRUE CHUMHOOD REQUIRES
BURDENS TO BE SHARED. RE-
MEMBER—TOGETHERNESS IS
NEXT TO CHUMMINESS!

YES, BIG
CHUM!



IT WAS TO THIS REMOTE HAVEN THAT THE DECIDEDLY
UNCHUMMY MAX BUBBA AND HIS MUTIS GANG CAME
ONE DAY—





...AND TOILING IN THE FIELDS, TO REPAY THE KINDNESS OF THEIR HOSTS.

AND THAT EACH NIGHT THEY GATHERED ROUND THE CHUMFIRE TO SING SONGS AND RECAPTURE SOME OF THEIR LOST INNOCENCE.



AND THAT, MOREOVER, ON THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF HIS STAY, INFECTED BY THE NON-STOP CHUMMINESS, BAD MAX BUBBA REPENTED HIS EVIL WAYS AND PLEDGED HIS LIFE TO DENNIS —



YES, IT'S NICE TO RECORD IT, ALL RIGHT. BUT THAT'S NOT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE WAY IT HAPPENED —

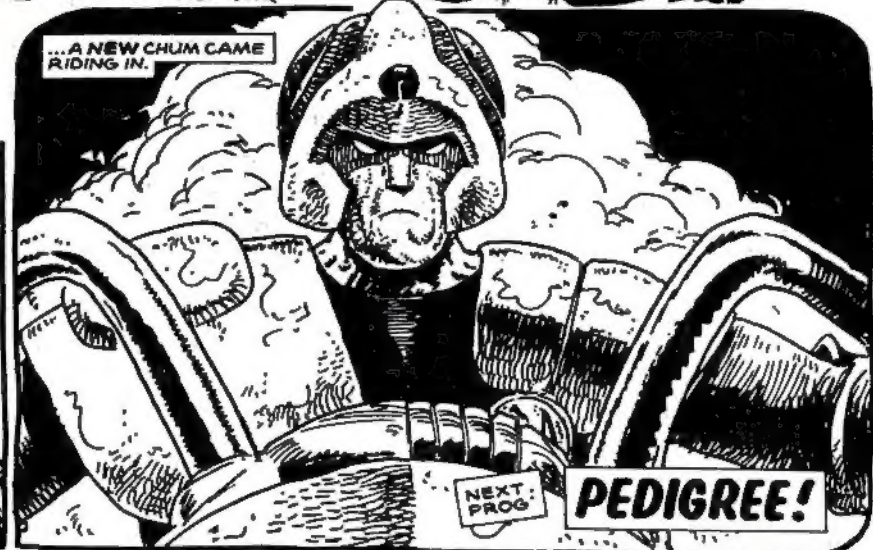


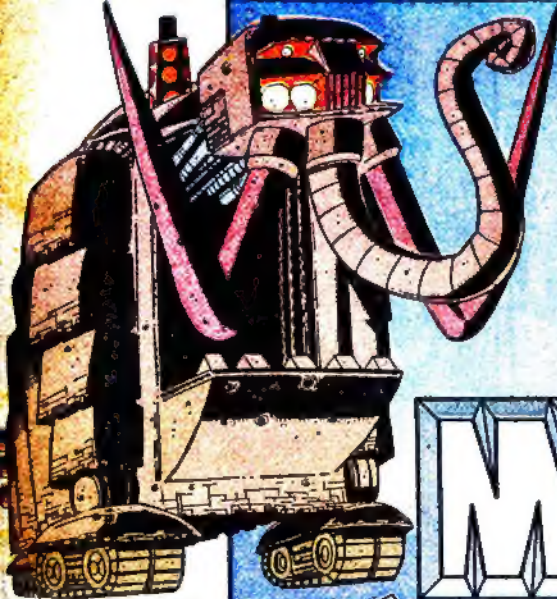


AND SO BEGAN A LIFE OF SUBSERVIENCE FOR THE CHUMHOOD, A FATE FROM WHICH THERE SEEMED NO ESCAPE.

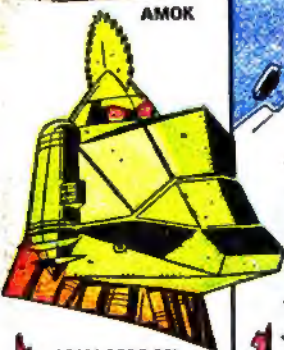


UNTIL, ONE DAY...





AMOK



ARMAGEDDON



JUGARJUK



GOMPHO



TROG



JOOL



KOOLA



HAM



VENGOID

Ancient, battle-scarred, ferocious, haughty, red eyes glaring from beneath a royal brow, this was Amok the God-beast.

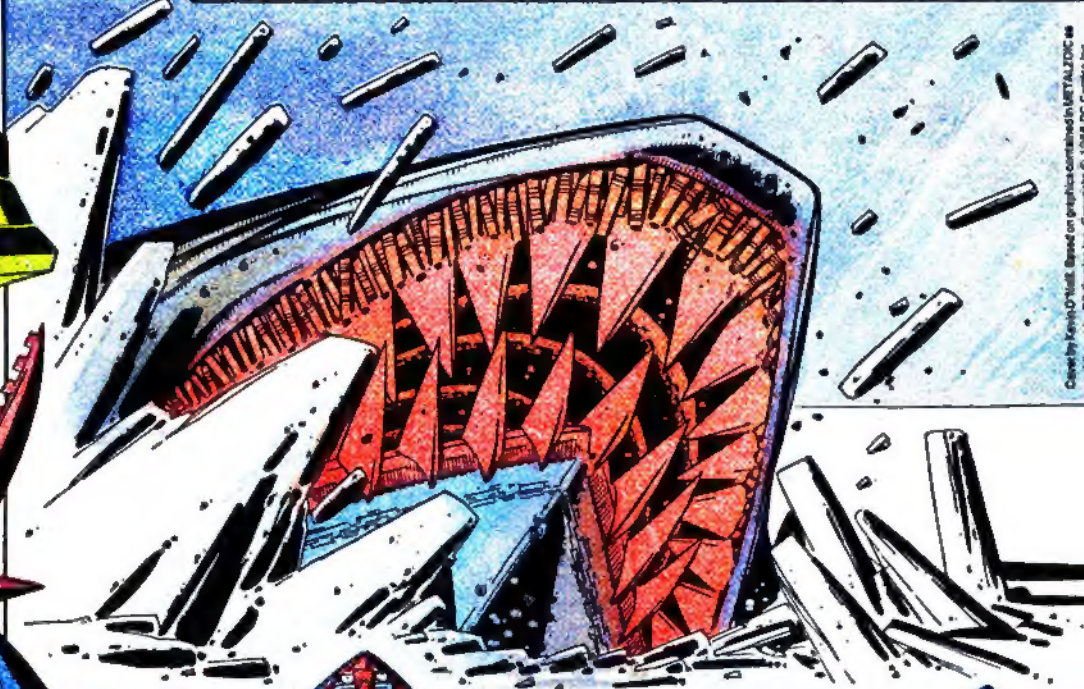
The fire from his trunk could fill a lake, one hoof destroy a fort. Twenty robots could play on his back, a hundred find shelter in his shadow.

The sound of his trumpeting was delight to all creatures, and this very lowing was enough to put his cows in calf.

The Mekaks worshipped him, for his herd was their clothing and power. The Pit-people made homes in craters, gouged by his mighty tusks.

Even the little Dung-tics thrived on slog from his furnace.

But know this... on the day the God-beast dies, the end of the robots is near and the sun shall set on the era called...



A Grim Reaper Scan

